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REVIEW.

The Doctrine of the Atonement Explained, in a Sermon delivered at the New-Jerusalem Temple, in Cincinnati, on the evening of the 20th of December, 1824. By NATHANIEL HOLLEY, A. M., a minister of the New-Jerusalem Church:—pp. 22.—Cincinnati: Morgan & Lodge, Printers, 1825.

The ostrich is considered, by naturalists, among the most silly of the feathered tribes. One reason for this opinion is, that when pursued and likely to be overtaken, it hides its head in the sand, or in a thicket; and, having darkened its own vision, supposes it is concealed from the pursuer. Every one who observes this conduct, is impressed with its stupidity; because it is palpable to the most obtuse intellect. Yet the same folly is often committed, by the most shrewd and acute of mankind, without exciting either ridicule or general remark.

Theorists and controvertists, in politics, in theology, and on most other subjects, are so partial to their own opinions, that they blink every thing that affects the soundness of the propositions they maintain. With respect to these, they take shelter under the most palpable errors, or resort to the most flimsy sophistries; and, at the same time, press the antagonist argument with an acumen and ability that give unquestionable proof of their mental powers.

The publication at the head of this article, though not remarkable for originality of matter, or for peculiar force or elegance of language, is, nevertheless, a striking instance of that partiality of feeling, which contracts the judgment of the writer to the consideration of a subject in but one of the many aspects that belong to it. In this review, it is not intended to discuss the correctness, either of the doctrine controverted, or that advocated in the sermon. The nature and character of the argument, not the subject of it, will be examined.—The reviewer believes, that mischief may, and that good cannot, result from human efforts to explain a doctrine left unexplained by the "God of all gods—Lord of all lords,—infinite, eternal, and incomprehensible."

The text is from the gospel of John, chap. i. verse 12: "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become

the sons of God, even to such as believe on his name."

The subject is divided into the following heads:

The introduction.

1. A statement of the doctrine of the "old church;" and the various objections to that doctrine.
2. The doctrine of the atonement, as understood and explained by the New-Jerusalem; including the scriptures and reasons upon which that doctrine is founded.

The preacher commences by noticing the universal admission of professing Christians, "that our blessed Lord and Saviour came on earth to effect or accomplish the salvation of man;" and by noting the difference of opinion, as to "how his coming should produce this effect." He adds: "It is one of THE MOST ASTONISHING WORKS OF AN INFINITE GOD,—a God whose perfections are so great, that although thro' the countless ages of eternity we shall be constantly acquiring a knowledge of them, yet they must for ever remain infinitely beyond our comprehension"—p. 3. And continuing his description of the perfections and incomprehensibility of the Deity, page 4, he exclaims: "But it is in vain to attempt any further description, for even of this little we can form no distinct imagination. All language is inadequate, conception can travel no further, and all our ideas are lost in confusion." And again, on the same page: "With such a view of the works of creation, how must we be lost in admiration at the inconceivable power and majesty of the Great Author of their being. The universal heavens are but his pavilion, and the universe of matter his footstool: God of all gods—Lord of all lords,—infinite, eternal, and incomprehensible. What must be our astonishment, when we reflect that such a mighty God descended into our little world to redeem and save such little and unworthy beings as ourselves. No wonder the mere natural man should doubt it—no wonder the self-conceited infidel should reject it; for IT IS IMPOSSIBLE THAT HUMAN REASON, OF ITSELF, SHOULD COMPREHEND IT: it cannot see its consistency, or realize its necessity."

Having thus very distinctly asserted that the doctrine of the atonement, and he by whom the atonement was made, are alike "infinitely beyond our comprehension;" that

we can "form no distinct imagination of either;" that in respect to them "language is inadequate, conception can travel no further, and all our ideas are lost in confusion;" and that it is "impossible that human reason, OF ITSELF, should comprehend it,"—the preacher, quite confidently, proceeds to his proposed explanation of this very doctrine!

He first states, what he calls "the doctrine, AS UNDERSTOOD BY THE OLD CHURCH." And it is thus stated: "The Lord Jesus Christ came into the world, SUFFERED AND DIED, to appease the wrath of God, or in other words, to satisfy divine justice: that is, that the wrath of God was poured out upon him, instead of man; and thus that he, though innocent, suffered the punishment which was due to guilty man. On which account the atonement is called vicarious; and the object of it was to save man from the wrath of God, and to reconcile God to man."—p. 5.

To this exposition of the doctrines of the atonement, "as understood by the old church," the preacher states various objections:

1. "It implies the punishment of the innocent instead of the guilty,"—which "falls below human justice," and in its operation, would soon confound all distinctions between right and wrong, and between innocence and guilt."

2. Confidence cannot be felt "in the justice or goodness of any being, who inflicts upon the pure and the good the punishment which is alone due to the guilty." And the absurdity of this is illustrated by analogy to the conduct of an earthly prince, and to the reasons for inflicting punishment by temporal governments.

3. This vicarious atonement implies a punishment entirely out of, separate and distinct from man: he is, therefore, in himself, precisely the same he was before. And the consequence must be, that God is reconciled to him, though remaining in his sins, or that the atonement rendered man pure and holy. And "scripture, reason and observation all unite to convince us that neither of these can be true."—pp. 6, 7, 8.

4. This doctrine asserts that "Christ suffered the punishment due to men, and in their stead."—"This cannot be true, for their punishment was to have been eternal; if, therefore, he suffered for them, or in their stead, he must have suffered eter-

nally." Besides, "if he suffered at all, in their stead, why are the wicked punished, since the atonement was made?"

5. The principle implies a plurality of gods, and of great inequality amongst them.

6. It presents also the difficulty, that God the son was not offended by the sin of man, and had not such aversion to it, or such love for justice, as God the father; or he too would have demanded satisfaction, and man could not have been redeemed.

7. It makes God the father angry—God the son mild; the father severe—the son compassionate: thus exhibiting them as totally dissimilar in their natures, characters and attributes.

8. Another difficulty is, that God the father could not and would not show mercy without previous and complete satisfaction; and there is no mercy in forgiving or cancelling an obligation after the debt is paid.

9. And lastly, the dreadful idea is involved in this principle, that God the father had a greater desire or love for punishment, than he had for purity and holiness; for this doctrine asserts, that should man repent of his sins, and become ever so pure and holy, yet God could not receive him without a satisfaction which had no relation to the quality of the man, and which he never had, and never could have in his power to give.—pp. 9, 10.

The most superficial reader, so soon as the remark is made, will perceive that every one of these objections to the doctrine of the atonement, "*as understood by the old church,*" is founded upon a mere human judgment of what is right and proper and just in the Deity. "THE MOST ASTONISHING WORK OF AN INFINITE GOD," that which "IT IS IMPOSSIBLE HUMAN REASON, OF ITSELF, SHOULD COMPREHEND," is arraigned before the erring and fallible tribunal of man's understanding; and is condemned and rejected, because it does not comport with the notions of justice, maintained by "*such little and unworthy beings as ourselves.*"

Assuredly, the ostrich that hides its head for the purpose of concealing itself, does not act more simply than the writer, who, declaring a subject to be incomprehensible to human reason, applies himself to an explanation of that subject,—denouncing one exposition, and submitting another, upon no better authority than his own human reason! Making his finite and limited comprehension of justice, a standard whereby to try the justice of a being "*infinite, eternal, and incomprehensible.*"

The preacher proceeds to present a view of "the doctrine of the atonement, as understood and explained by the New

Jerusalem." And it is this: "The Lord Jesus Christ came on earth, to enable man to rise and come out of the depraved and miserable situation into which he had fallen by sin, and to return into a state of purity and holiness; and thus be again united and reconciled to God, and consequently be restored to a state of happiness and peace."—p. 13.

From the two succeeding paragraphs we understand, that, according to the doctrines of the New Jerusalem, man was created for the enjoyment of happiness, with powers, faculties and advantages to enable him, with continual assistance, to obtain and secure it. His transgression consisted in *misapplying* and *abusing* these powers and faculties, whereby he sunk into depravity and misery. That he was created within the kingdom of good, and, while he remained there, was happy. But in time he wandered from his native home, and "*took up his residence*" in the kingdom of evil, the inhabitants of which endeavoured to detain him there. The design of the Lord was "to lead man out of the kingdom of Satan, and restore him safe to the kingdom of God."

"In order to the accomplishment of this great work, it was necessary, in the first place, that the Lord should subdue the powers of darkness, or so far destroy the power and influence of Satan, as to restore man to liberty. And it was necessary, in the second place, that the humanity which he assumed should be glorified and made divine. For so low had human nature fallen, that the common operations of the Divine Spirit, or those which had influenced it in the days of its purity, could not, in its present state, have any effect upon it: *Our blessed Lord therefore glorified the human nature that he assumed, and through that extended the operation and influences of the Holy Spirit to the fallen state of man.* And in the third place, it was necessary to convey to man that light and that instruction that would enable him to understand and pursue his duty and his happiness." Page 14.

It is observable, that in this exposition of the Atonement, and of the reason of it, the death of the Lord by crucifixion is not noticed as constituting any part of the design or consummation. This, it is presumed, is not a designed omission; as the New Jerusalem hold the passion of the cross to be the means whereby the human nature of Christ was glorified. Besides, the Preacher, as well as the church of which he is a member, believes in the divine authority of the Scriptures. The following quotations demonstrate, that the suffering of the Saviour is an essential part of the plan of salvation.

"Surely he hath borne our griefs and

carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted."

"But he was WOUNDED for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way: And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Isaiah, liii. 4, 5, 6.

"He was taken from prison and from judgment; and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off from the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken." Idem, 8.

"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversations, received by tradition from your fathers:

"But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." 1 Peter, i. 18, 19.

"Who his own self bare our sins in his body upon the tree, that we being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed." 1 Pet. ii. 24.

"This is he that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ: not by water only, but by water and blood." 1 John, v. 6.

"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." Gal. iii. 13.

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." Heb. ix. 28.

"But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sin, for ever sat down at the right hand of God." Idem. x. 12.

"Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto; but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many." Matthew xx. 28.

"As my Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: And I lay down my life for the sheep.

"No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again. This commandment have I received of my Father." John x. 15, 18.

Our griefs and sorrows, our transgressions and iniquities, the curse of the law resting upon us, are the sins which these scriptures declare the Saviour "*bare in his own body on the tree;*" from which he redeemed us with his "*precious blood;*" for which he offered "*a sacrifice;*" for which he was "*stricken*" and "*smitten;*" and for which he "*gave his life.*"

Here griefs, sorrows, transgressions and iniquities, and this curse of the law, the New Jerusalem, according to the explanation in the work before us, interpret to mean nothing more than a *misapplying* and *abusing* the powers and faculties ori-

ginally conferred on man to enable him to enjoy happiness. By these *abuses* he gradually lost his *ability*; and to restore him to it the Atonement was made. The doctrine of the *old church* is rejected, because, when tested by the standard of human judgment, it is deemed unjust and absurd. If the new explanation is tried before the same tribunal, it must certainly meet the same fate.

The Prince, who inflicts punishment upon himself, because his subjects are disobedient and wicked, is certainly as unjust, and equally foolish, with him who inflicts it upon an innocent son, or other third person: and this mode of reconciling himself to his offending subjects would tend as directly to confound guilt and innocence, and destroy all confidence in his justice, and in his wisdom, as if the punishment were inflicted upon another. Besides this, it could not fail to bring both his character and power into contempt among his subjects. It implies, too, a mode of reconciliation separate and distinct from man, who ought to be operated upon, not by the self-punishment of his justly offended Creator, but by means affecting himself; otherwise he is left where he was before, and his Creator is either reconciled to him, though unreclaimed, or the atonement made by the Creator himself rendered man pure and holy—both of which are contrary to the Scriptures and to our own reason.

The doctrine supposes that man, having by a mere *misapplication* and *abuse* of his powers and faculties, gradually sunk into depravity, and thus lost his power and *ability* to enjoy happiness,—the Creator could not otherwise restore this *ability* but by himself assuming the nature of man; and in that nature living a laborious life, and suffering an ignominious death: And this, not because it was demanded by any principle of justice, or rendered necessary by any violated attribute of the Deity; but as the proper means of restoring to man a power lost gradually by *misapplication* and *abuse*.

In the judgment of human reason, ignominious punishment cannot be rightfully and justly inflicted, but for the violation of a known law. This punishment, therefore, where justice did not require it, must be condemned by man, and cannot be credited of the Deity. Besides, it is according to our experience, that the Creator restores whatever is deteriorated by *misapplication* and *abuse* in the present character and conduct of man, by means which obviously existed from his creation.

It is another objection to this explanation, that it presents to human judgment no necessity for the Creator to assume hu-

manity—much less for him, in that humanity, to suffer an ignominious death.

‘Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus Inciderit.’

The doctrine of the “old church” supposes that man had transgressed a positive law given to him by the Deity in person, with a full knowledge of the penalty; that the justice of the Deity required an atonement which Deity alone could make, and which could only be made in man’s nature. We comprehend in this the reason and the necessity of punishment; though every thing else connected with it is beyond our comprehension. But the explanation of the *New Jerusalem* presents no such case to our understanding; and, in all its other bearings, is as incomprehensible as that of the old. D.

MISCELLANEOUS

SELECTIONS.

THE WHITE CLOVER.

There is a little perfumed flower,
It well might grace the loveliest bower;
Yet poet never deigned to sing,
Of such an humble, rustic thing.
Nor is it strange, for it can shew
Scarcely one tint of Iris’ bow.
Nature, perchance in careless hour,
With pencil dry might paint the flower;
But instant blushed her fault to see,
So gave a double fragrantcy.
Rich recompence for aught denied!
Who would not homely garb abide,
If gentlest soul were breathing there
Blessings through all its little sphere?
Sweet flower! the lesson thou hast taught
Shall check each fond, ambitious thought.
Teach me *internal* worth to prize,
Though found in rudest, lowliest, guise.

THE LATE FRANCIS BAKER, ESQ.

[THE TRIAL OF ISAAC B. DESHA, for the murder of Francis Baker, has resulted (after three days deliberation by the jury) in his conviction. A new trial has, however, been granted by Judge Shannon, on the ground of threats having been made to the jury, and of the insufficiency of the evidence.]

As our readers may be desirous of knowing something of the deceased, we extract the following paragraph from a letter written by his brother, residing at Elizabethtown, N. J. to a gentleman of Mason county, Ky.]

“As this awful event must have excited a strong interest in the public mind to know who and what the deceased was, I will briefly state, for your better information, as well as for the information of the public at large, that he was a native of Trenton in this state, well educated, and bred to the law, which he studied under the late Attorney-General Woodruff. In the year 1815, and when he had just completed his 21st year, he removed to Natchez, where several of the members of our family reside, and became the conductor of a public journal, which his acquirements and taste as a belle lettres scholar qualified him to conduct with ability. His dis-

position was mild and unoffending; his heart affectionate and benevolent; and his manners so bland, as to render him the delight of his friends.

The circumstances under which he was about to revisit the place of his nativity, after so long an absence, are most affecting. His only business here was his intended marriage with a young lady of great merit, to whom he had been tenderly attached for more than nine years, a degree of constancy of affection as rare as it is honorable to both parties. As soon as his pecuniary affairs would admit of this important change, he sat out for New-Jersey, and was thus far on his journey when met by this monster in human shape; to whose violence he must have fallen an easy victim, in consequence of great debility, caused by sickness on the road, of which he speaks in a letter to the young lady, dated at Lexington on the 26th October. As he had apprised his friends that his stay here must be necessarily short, his business requiring his immediate return to Natchez, the necessary preparations had been made for the marriage, friends invited, &c. and his arrival was hourly looked for, when the dreadful tidings were received in a newspaper. Of the state of the young lady’s mind, I shall not attempt to speak, for words would be inadequate to describe it; and I will only add, it is such as renders it too probable there may be a total loss of reason. She is yet ignorant of the *manner* of his death. Thus has this tragedy been rendered doubly tragical, and, indeed, in all its circumstances, it resembles more the incidents of an Arabian tale, than the sad realities of life.”

PORTUGUESE HOSPITALITY.

[Conclusion of the Extracts from “Recollections of the Peninsula.”]

“In attempting to ride a nearer road from Garfete to Abrantes, than that which led by Gaviao, we lost our way, and were obliged to put up for the night in a poor goat-herd’s hut. We here, however, witnessed a scene of domestic happiness and patriarchal manners, which gave us reason to rejoice that we had slept under such a roof. The family consisted of a venerable old peasant, his daughter, a woman of about four-and-thirty, and her five children: the eldest, a most beautiful girl of fifteen; and the youngest, a fine black-eyed boy of eight. The husband of this woman was absent on a journey; the old peasant was not within; and when we first entered, the mother and her children were at supper: they pressed us to partake of it; we declined, but procured from them, some fine rich goat’s milk; and boiling it up with bread of Indian corn, made an excellent meal. It was late when the old man came in from his labor; he expressed great delight at our having rested in his cot, as, he said, there was no house within two leagues of that spot, the night dark and stormy, and the road bad and dangerous. A small wooden bowl of vegetable soup was brought him for his supper; he crossed himself and said a short grace; but my astonishment was not a little excited, by observing, that during the whole time he was eating his frugal meal, the

family all stood up; and with their hands closed and lifted up, and their eyes raised towards the crucifix, prayed; not with extravagant fervor, nor as if it were a tame unmeaning form, but with much natural feeling, and seemed to invoke blessings on the head of this, the respected elder of their cottage.

"The old man, too, however habitual it might be, appeared deeply impressed with the ceremony, and took his food with a sort of quiet solemn thankfulness. The expression of the grand-daughter's countenance, who seemed much attached to him, was really seraphic; and I thought the whole scene quite a subject for a painting. In general, the beauty of people, in a common class of life, carries with it a stamp of vulgarity, for which it is difficult to account, but which checks admiration. Here it was far otherwise. An expressive eye of the deepest blue, an elegant contour of countenance, dark clustering ringlets, and a perfect form, would have made this cottage girl remarkable any where; and she would have been gazed on with interest as well as pleasure, amid the most brilliant assemblies of a capital or a court. When we lay down for the night, all the children knelt at the feet of their grandfather and received his blessing, sealed by him with a kiss upon their young foreheads. I slept with a sort of sweet and superstitious confidence under this happy roof; so much, and so pleasingly, had I been affected by the simplicity of manners, among its poor contented inmates."

THE PROOF-SHEET.

"In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men."—SHAKESPEARE.

I was awakened the other morning, at ten o'clock, from the charms of a soothing morning dream, succeeding a feverish night, by my servant at my door, "Sir, if you please, Mr. ——— has sent, for the third time, for the proof-sheet of that Essay on the Influence of Kant's Philosophy, for the New Monthly."—The printer's devil, and Kant's Philosophy, at such a moment! The shade of Dido was not more unwelcome to Æneas, or the apparition of Banquo to Macbeth. "Tell him it shall be ready in two hours."—"But, sir, he says the press is waiting; and the compositor and overseer swore they would horsewhip him if he came back without it."—"He must be horsewhipped then, and I'll remunerate him, when the next number is out." A respite of a few hours was thus obtained. I laid myself down, re-adjusted my pillow, drew over me the comfortable *duvet*, which, notwithstanding Coleridge's abuse, I always sleep under since I passed the winter at Weimar, and again "addressed myself to sleep," or

dreaming. But the charm was dissolved, the fairy tissue was destroyed, and could not be re-woven. Nothing remained but to slip on my dressing-gown, and arm myself for the encounter with the dreadful sheet, by a strong cup of Mocha coffee and a French roll. The morning paper, fresh with the dews of the printing-press, was on my table; a blooming Edinburgh, in blue and yellow costume, wooed me with irresistible virgin charms. The very idea, at this moment, of the proof-sheet, of the horrible corrections, the revisions, the expurgings, the interlineations, which it would entail on me, gave me an indescribable *frissonnement*, a cold ague fit. Even the known accuracy of Messrs. Bentley's compositors could not re-assure me. In the mean time, while I poured out my coffee, my sage of a servant, with that sort of Mentor-like prudence and consideration, which an old servant who knows his young master's ways acquires, of his own accord, looked out for the dreaded object, on which he deemed it fitting that his master should be employed. "You need not poke your nose into all the table-drawers. Pshaw! there it is, tied up with red tape."—"No, sir, if you please, that's the *print* of that there poetry book; that Lady B—— asked you to write a review on, before it was published."—"Blockhead! what is that bundle in the window?"—"Oh, that's the article prophesying that *Bonypart* would reign half as long as Louis XIV., which was to be printed in the ——— Review, when you know, sir, the Duke drubbed him at Waterloo." After a *boulevirement* of sundry bundles of embryo MSS. and half-finished sketches, and various piles of Quarterlies and Blackwoods, the hateful little neat packet of the printing-office was dragged to light, from the bottom of a chaotic mountain of uncut blue-covered tomes, just fresh from the Leipsic fair. The silver inkstand and the long pen, the paper-case and the blotting-paper, speedily succeeded the Dresden coffee-cups, and breakfast service of claw china. It was now too late to recede. I was fairly taken for two hours brain-racking correction, and final polishing of an illegible, perhaps in some instances unintelligible MS. "Dimond, if any one calls, I am engaged," was pronounced with that firm voice of fixed resolution, with which a man endeavours to brave a disaster from which he cannot withdraw. I fell to work vigorously, determined not to admit a thought of all the gaiety of the night before. Blue eyes, black eyes, swimming forms, and the voluptuous sounds of Payne's quadrilles, in vain assailed me with solicitous recollections: I was firm and invulnerable.—"Tis pleasant, sure, to see oneself in print," thought I, with Lord Byron, as I

surveyed myself in the ample folds of the page: doubly pleasant to see oneself clad in that bold, elegant, fashionable type, which adorns the heroes of Mr. Colborn's and Mr. Murray's windows; that dress which makes a modern author "the very rose of courtesy, and the pink of fashion," which is to the old smutty costume of Caxton or Tottill, what a young nobleman by Sir Thomas Lawrence is, compared to a Burgomaster by Albert Durer,—or a radical pantalooned beau at Almack's compared to the black portentous figures of Roland of Triermain, or Goetz of Berlechingen. The printer it is who consummates the author's conceptions. The mechanic puts the finishing stroke to the finest dreams of imagination. He gives to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name." Without the compositor and the printer's devil, what a poor dreaming, fruitless, futile thing is a wit. He is a soul without a body—a soldier, with "lots of courage," and no sword—a lawyer, with brass and black letter, but no briefs—a parson, brim-full of divinity, without a pulpit—a statesman, well read in Machiavel and Locke, without a voice in Downing-street. An author in MS. is a half-fledged sloven, unseemly to look upon; but, when turned out from the various hands who conspire to dress and powder him for the public, what an Adonis he walks forth! what a typographical dandy! When the happy wight has gone through the beautifying hands of compositor, devil, printer, sewer, and boarder—those Hobys, Stubbses, Allens and Bicknalls of literature—then, and then only, does he become fit to lounge gracefully on the commode in the boudoirs of Grosvenor-square, and to meet the embrace of fair hands, who pat and admire his spruce blue or green coat, and to delight brilliant eyes with all the concentrated blaze of wit well-dressed, and satire and sentiment in the costume of Bond-street. Pope was a driveller, when he said that criticism was the Muse's handmaid. The lines should be

"The printer then the Muse's handmaid proved
To dress her charms and make her more beloved."

The critic is the malicious and indelicate wretch, who delights to unstrip the dandy? He has no respect for hot-pressed paper, or Mr. Davison's most interesting of types. He delights to dispel the illusion of costume, and shew the poor author in naked deformity. He ill-naturedly detects all the glass eyes, ivory teeth, and elegant cork calves, of the literary Lotharios.—The delight of seeing my mind reflected in the flattering mirror of a neat proof-sheet, accompanied me through the first page or two, which were tolerably flowing and correct; when, about the fourth, I be-

gan to find all the anticipated horrors thicken round me. That my friend Kant should be invariably printed *Cant*, was not extraordinary, and that his Critical Categories should be metamorphosed into his *Christian Catechism*, with a humble query of the compositor, did not surprise me, when I recollected that the Christian Observer and the Churchman's Magazine issued from the same press; but presently I found such dreadful jostling and jangling between the *objective* and the *subjective*, the *quantitative* and the *qualitative*, the consequence so often produced the cause, and the end the means, that I began to think chaos was come again; and all the *lucidus ordo*, with which I fully hoped to have made the Categories very interesting light reading for young ladies, had totally evaporated in the press. "What ails the blockheads to-day? the MS. never could be thus confused." I rang the bell, and Dimond was called in to assist in collating it; and he began to read in an audible voice. Alas! I found that the compositors had not deviated from their wonted accuracy. "Metaphysicians have no business at masquerades," I thought silently to myself. After an hour's toilsome pruning and interlining, and assisted by Dimond's lungs, and with many a *stet*, *dele*, *rider* and *reference*, I succeeded in reducing the metaphysical chaos to something like "*pure reason*," *ex fumo dare lucem*. Having thus squared all accounts with Priscian, and succeeded in making metaphysics intelligible in one part of my MS., another part which abounded in bold and original opinions, personal anecdotes, pungent satire, and brilliant *persiflage*, gave me many a pause, many a reflective "*vivos et roderet unguis*," on widely different grounds. What a serious and weighty piece of business is this "going to press!" What an irrevocable, irremediable step! What a passing the Rubicon! The "damned spot" of ink will not out—there is no *locus penitentiae*, as lawyers say. What a gulf between an author and a thinker!—between the snug proprietor of his own ideas, and the man who is "rubric on the walls," from having put them forth, with *malice prepense*, to amuse or instruct the public. Glaring publicity! heavy responsibility! thought I to myself, as I sat in judgment, with the despotic pen in hand, over every sentence. "To print, or not to print, that is the question." A man correcting a proof-sheet is on the edge of a precipice—the gulf of publicity yawns below him, and lures him, as the pellucid flood does Goëthe's fisherman, to plunge headlong into the tide. Fame, hope, curiosity, beckon him forward. The publisher tempts, the printer's devil urges. — What consequences often hang upon the

proof-sheet! How much of good and of evil depends upon this last award of the author? If Rousseau had thrown the last proof-sheets of the "Contract Social" into the fire, instead of returning them by the printer's devil to the press, the French revolution might never have unhinged Europe. If Wilkes had cancelled the proof of a few numbers of the "North Briton," the freedom of our persons and papers might not, to this day, have been secured by the declared illegality of general warrants. If Lord Byron had nipped in the bud the proof of his "Poems of a Minor," we should never have been delighted with the best of modern satires. But without having the vanity to see the possible germ of revolutions, or the firebrand of political controversy, in my humble pages, how many other doubts, apprehensions, and misgivings distracted me as I weighed every sentence and line, with the scrupulous timidity of authorship. One sentence would, perhaps, rouse the fury of the attorney-general; another might "poison the liking" of a whole coterie of subscribers; a smart observation, which I had chuckled at, as a *curiosa felicitas*, might turn the stomach of the saints; a hint at Buonaparte's glory, would infallibly ruin us with the clerical wits of Rivington's, and exclude us from half a score of tory book-clubs: some praises of Voltaire would damn us at Weimar; and a good word to Kant and Fichte, would annihilate us at the Institute. However, I remembered the old man and his ass and his sons. An author, said I boldly, must brave evil report and good report. Provided there is no sentence that can

"Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear."

"*Tout le reste m'est égal*," it must e'en go to press, "with all its imperfections on its head," and *maugre* all possible chances of broken heads, latitats, damages, attorney's bills, and anonymous letters. I thus administered a narcotic to my scruples. I let the sense of my sentences stand, *coute qui coute*, and confined myself to polishing up the dress and the style. In this I soon determined to be expeditious and decisive—not to be "bound in by saucy doubts and fears." A brilliant gleam of the wintry sun broke in upon my papers and books, and the shining bleached pavement looked highly inviting, when a crabbed collocation of consonants grated on my ear;—it was nervous and expressive. Many a rough sentence, not squaring with the rules of euphony, I suffered to stand untouched—"a man may polish too much." I like a sort of *Dryden asperity*—it is not necessary to write *ad unguem*—give me nerve, strength, the tiger-spring of the first rough idea. Lord Byron never retouches. Di-

mond, with intuitive knowingness, at the first gleam of sunshine, had, of his own accord, spread the neat olive-coloured great coat on the back of a chair, and placed the smooth beaver by the side, with the kid gloves neatly laid across it. The wax-taper soon paled its feeble flame; the proof was laid in a neat half-sheet of cartridge-paper; and, as I folded up the corners, I took a last affectionate farewell of the offspring I was launching forth into the ocean of literature, beset with the shoals of criticism.

"Vix sustinuit dicere lingua Vale!"

The single decisive rap of the inexorable devil presently struck on the door. "There it is, Dimond. '*Il secundo omine*.'" As I heard the little black Mercury tramp down stairs, and slam the door after him, I felt myself eased of an indescribable load—thank Heaven!—freedom for a full fortnight—a fortnight of literary revelling—with nothing to do but to pay visits, devour Scotch novels, and rifle the uncut volumes from Leipsic.

D. C.

Campbell's New Monthly Magazine.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

By Mr. Hervey, author of "Australia."

MORN on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pannon streams onward, like hope, in the gale;

The winds come around her in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along;
See! she loops up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!

Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing

Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's
grave?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled;

All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with
sighs:—

Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,

Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
While the vessel drives on to the desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished
and o'er.

CINCINNATI:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1825.

JEFFREY ON THE DEATH OF BYRON.

The following eloquent apostrophe, on the Death of Lord Byron, is to be found in the last Edinburgh Review,—in an article on PERCY B. SHELLEY's poems. The four friendly poets referred to, were BYRON, SHELLEY, KEATS and HUNT—the latter of whom, only, survives. It is, perhaps, not generally known that it was BROUGHAM who wrote the coarse criticism on 'The Poems of a Minor,'—which called forth his Lordship's indignation, and his powers, in the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;'—a poem which he afterwards suppressed, as a peace-offering to Mr. JEFFREY, who, it was found, had no hand in the assault, and who had the magnanimity to praise 'Childe Harold,' in spite of the abuse which had been heaped on him.

Although the early termination of Lord Byron's labours may not have been so universally lamented in America as in England;—yet his loss to the world has been severely felt by many of our countrymen, who cannot, with justice, be accused of any leaning towards his vices. That there were points in his character and conduct which no philanthropist can approve, will scarcely be denied:—But, that such a genius should have been cut off in the vigour of maturity,—just as he had embarked heart and hand in a cause calculated above all others to arouse the noblest energies of his nature, and the highest inspirations of his muse;—that he should have fallen at a moment when the heroic GRECIANS were looking to him almost as their Deliverer, and the intellectual world was anticipating the immortal Poem which was ere long to record their achievements,—was, surely, enough to awaken regret—even in bosoms which harboured no charity for his failings! It will be long, indeed, before we are called upon to deplore the extinguishment of a mightier spirit.

From all that has followed, or is likely to succeed, the destruction of his *auto-biography*—we cannot but unite with the general voice, in condemning the precipitate act (no matter how magnanimous the motive) which consigned the MS. to the flames. It was confided by the author to his friend MOORE, as trustee for the world;—which had, therefore, a vested right to be con-

sulted on its fate. The plea, that there were portions of the work unfit for publication, is but a flimsy pretext for destroying the whole.

"Mr. Shelly died, it seems, with a volume of Mr. Keats' poetry grasped with one hand in his bosom! These are two out of four poets, patriots and friends, who have visited Italy within a few years, both of whom have been soon hurried to a more distant shore. Keats died young; and 'yet his infelicity had years too many.' A canker had blighted the tender bloom that overspread a face in which youth and genius strove with beauty. The shaft was sped—venal, vulgar, venomous, that drove him from his country, with sickness and penury for companions, and followed him to his grave. And yet there are those who could trample on the faded flower—men to whom breaking hearts are a subject of merriment—who laugh loud o'er the silent urn of Genius, and play out their game of venality and infamy with the crumbling bones of their victims! To this band of immortals a third has since been added!—a mightier genius, a haughtier spirit, whose stubborn impatience and Achilles-like pride only Death could quell. Greece, Italy, the world, have lost their poet-hero; and his death has spread a wider gloom, and been recorded with a deeper awe, than has waited on the obsequies of any of the many great who have died in our remembrance. Even detraction has been silent at his tomb; and the more generous of his enemies have fallen into the rank of his mourners. But he set like the sun in his glory; and his orb was greatest and brightest at the last; for his memory is now consecrated no less by freedom than genius. He probably fell a martyr to his zeal against tyrants. He attached himself to the cause of Greece, and dying, clung to it with a convulsive grasp, and has thus gained a niche in her history; for whatever she claims as hers is immortal, even in decay, as the marble sculptures on the columns of her fallen temples!" *

A VERY INTERESTING MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT, on the removal, and colonization, of the various INDIAN TRIBES, inhabiting our existing states and territories, was communicated to Congress, on the 27th ult.; the substance of which (if not the whole) shall be republished in our next. There are few subjects on which an American legislator should feel a heavier responsibility, than that of the future destinies of the Indians; and the high and dictatorial tone of the Georgia Delegation, in their memorial to the Executive,—threatening, in no ambiguous terms, the removal by force of the tribes within their territory, if the government failed to accomplish it 'peaceably and on reasonable conditions;'—was not calculated to allay the apprehensions of the philanthropist, in relation to the utter extinction of this degenerating and unhappy people. *

A SYSTEM OF COMMON SCHOOLS FOR OHIO, we are happy to state, has been established by the passage of the law referred to in our last.

The act provides that the County Commissioners shall assess upon the ad-valorem amount of the tax list of each county, one half mill upon the dollar, for the support of Common Schools. The Trustees of each township are to lay off the same into districts, and to make an enumeration of the householders, and return the same to the township Clerk, who shall record it. One third of the householders of each district shall form a quorum for business; and they are authorized to elect three School Directors, to manage the concerns of the district.

The householders have the power to fix upon the site of a school-house, and provide the means for erecting the same. The School Directors are to employ the teachers. The Court of Common Pleas for each county are to appoint three examiners of the schools, to examine persons wishing employment as teachers, and certify to their qualifications. No person, without having obtained such a certificate, can be employed as a teacher. The Trustees of each township are to pay over to the School Directors all the moneys received on account of school sections (No. 16); which moneys are to be expended in the payment of the teachers; and for the residue of the wages, the Directors shall give to the teachers a certificate, on presentation of which to the county Auditor, he shall draw an order on the county Treasurer for the amount, which shall be paid out of the dividend belonging to the district in which such Directors may reside. No district is permitted to receive its dividend except in payment of teachers duly employed. If the Trustees of any township shall not, within five years lay off the same into districts; and if any district shall fail to employ a teacher at any period for the space of three years, the dividends belonging to the same, shall be divided among the other districts of the township, which shall employ teachers, and keep schools. The first assessment of the tax, by the County Commissioners, is to take place in June 1826.

Such are substantially the provisions of the act: our limits will not permit us to give them in detail. How far the amount authorized to be raised may be found adequate to the full accomplishment of the great object in view, cannot at present be determined. The tax cannot be considered burthensome; and it is to be hoped that the provisions of the act will be met by the people with a liberal spirit of co-operation. Without this, nothing can be effected. The importance of the subject demands serious consideration; and we would point to New-York as affording an illustrious example of what should be done for the cause of education,—where upwards of \$13,000,000 have, within the last fifteen years, been expended in support of Common Schools. With a knowledge of this fact, we need not be surprised at the prosperity, the enterprise, and the splendid public works, of that powerful State. †

THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT OF THE U. S., by the House of Representatives, commenced on Wednesday last (the 9th inst.)—the result of which can only be guessed at here, for about a week to come. The contest, however, is understood to have been principally confined to Mr. ADAMS and Gen. JACKSON; and, if 'letters from Washington' can be supposed to afford any clew to the result—the present Secretary of State may be considered the successful competitor for the highest trust in the gift of the confederated Republics of America.

ADMINISTRATORS OF PERSONAL ESTATES will find, in a late 'Stubenville Gazette,' an article comprising the *Rules of Court* established in Jefferson county, in relation to the settlement of Administrators' Accounts;—many of which will be found applicable to similar settlements here. The example of the publication referred to, is one which ought to be followed in every county of the state:—And indeed from the great accumulation of this kind of business, and the general ignorance of the legal mode of proceeding, among those who assume the task of administering—we think the time of an experienced lawyer might be usefully and profitably employed in the compilation of a pamphlet containing a complete digest of all the laws relating to the settlement of Estates;—with minute instructions as to the mode of proceeding, in every case of which there is likely to be any example in Ohio.

THE LEGISLATURE OF OHIO adjourned on the 8th inst., after an interesting session of more than two months. The passage of the *Canal, School, and ad valorem Tax*, bills, will alone render this a memorable era in the annals of our State,—as will those in relation to LAFAYETTE, INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS, the occupation of the OREGON, the PIRATES, NIAGARA SUFFERERS, &c., in the annals of the nation. To the latter list, we believe it would gratify a large portion of the community to add an equitable BANKRUPT law; in relation to which, the unfortunate debtor has been so long doomed to feel "the sickening pang of hope deferred."

LEGISLATIVE APPOINTMENTS.

General WILLIAM H. HARRISON is elected to the office of SENATOR IN CONGRESS, for the term of six years from the 4th of March next.

ETHAN A. BROWN, ALLEN TRIMBLE, and E. BUCKINGHAM, have been appointed, by the Legislature, Commissioners of the CANAL FUND.

BENJAMIN M. PIATT is appointed an Associate JUDGE for the county of HAMILTON, for the term of seven years.

JEREMIAH M'LENE has been reappointed SECRETARY OF STATE.

NATHANIEL M'LEAN is re-elected Keeper of the Ohio PENITENTIARY.

GEORGE NASHEE has been appointed STATE PRINTER, for the term of three years.

THE LECTURE IN THE WESTERN MUSEUM, this evening, will be in continuation of the Rev. W. ROBINSON'S course, on HISTORY. Next Wednesday evening the Rev. Mr. JENNINGS will deliver a discourse on the state and character of the Institution; after which a number of interesting transparencies &c. will be exhibited.

Summary.

CONGRESS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[26th 27th and 28th JANUARY.]

Mr. Wright, from the Select Committee appointed to prepare RULES to be observed in case the ELECTION OF PRESIDENT and Vice-President shall devolve on this House, made a report, which was read and ordered to lie on the table.

The bill to authorise the President of the U. States to cause a ROAD to be marked out from the western frontier of MISSOURI to the confines

of NEW MEXICO, was read the third time, and PASSED.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the bill "to graduate the price of the PUBLIC LANDS."

Mr. Barton stated that the committee on PUBLIC LANDS, to whom the bill had been referred, had come to the conclusion that it ought NOT to pass, as it would defeat the operation of the present land system. In compliance with the instruction given by the committee, he moved to POSTPONE the bill indefinitely.

On motion of Mr. Benton, however, it was ordered to LIE ON THE TABLE.

Agreeably to the notice given, Mr. Kelly asked and obtained leave to introduce a bill "for the relief of purchasers of PUBLIC LANDS prior to July 1st, 1820;" which was also read.

The act "more effectually to provide for the PUNISHMENT of certain crimes against the U. States, and for other purposes," was read a third time, and passed.

A bill appropriating *three thousand dollars* for the purpose of opening a ROAD from DETROIT to CHICAGO, was ordered to be engrossed and read a THIRD time on Monday.

A little speck of War.—A letter received in London, dated Madrid, December 7, says:—

"In my last, I mentioned the American Minister having sent off his Secretary, at a short notice, with dispatches to Washington—the cause now comes out. The King, in his wisdom, formally demands of the United States to recal the recognition of the independence of the several independent Spanish countries in America, under pain, in case of refusal, of issuing a Royal Decree, REVOKING THE CESSION OF THE FLORIDAS."

LITERARY NOTICES.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

History of the Commonwealth of England.—By William Godwin. Volume the second. 8vo.

Letters of Horace Walpole (afterwards Earl of Orford) to the earl of Hertford, during his Lordship's Embassy in Paris.

Letters from Spain in the years 1821, 1822 and 1823. By Lieutenant-General Guillaume de Vaudoucourt, &c. &c. &c.

Journal of a Residence in Colombia, in the years 1823 and 1824. By Captain Charles Cochrane, of the Royal Navy. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Doctrine of Election, viewed in connexion with the Responsibility of Man as a Moral Agent. By the Rev. William Hamilton, D. D., of Strathblane, in 12mo.

The Lectures of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart, on the Principles and Practice of Surgery, as delivered at St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals, with additional Notes and Cases, by Frederick Tyrell, Esq. of St. Thomas's Hospital.

A New Process for Tanning Leather, in a quarter of the usual Time, without extra expense.—by Mr. Burrige, Author of a Treatise on the Dry Rot.

A Statistical Account of the British Settlements in Australasia, including the Colonies of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land.—The third edition, embellished with New Maps, &c. By W. C. Wentworth.

Tales of Irish Life, with Engravings, from Designs, by George Cruikshank.

Illustrations of Conchology, according to the System of Lamarck, in a Series of twenty Engravings on royal 4to. each plate containing many Specimens. By E. A. Crouch.

PROPOSED PUBLICATIONS.

The History of Italy, from the fall of the Western Empire to the extinction of the Venetian Republic, is preparing by George Percival, Esq.

The Rev. T. Arnold, M. A. late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, has been for many years employed in writing a History of Rome from the earliest times to the death of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. The first volume, from the Rise of the Roman State to the Formation of the Second Triumvirate, A. U. C. 710; B. C. 44. will soon be published.

Three volumes of Legal Ana, with curious portraits and engravings, will be published shortly, under the title of "Law and Lawyers." It is intended to serve as a popular appendage to the Law library, with reference to the history, biography, and anecdote of the profession.

A History of the French Revolution, by A. Thiers and Felix Bodin, will speedily be published in London.

The Memoirs of the celebrated Madame de Genlis, on which we believe she has been occupied for many years, are about to be published in 4 vols. 8vo. A more interesting work could scarcely be announced.

The second Series of "Highways and Byways," now passing rapidly through the press, is to consist of 3 volumes in 8vo. each containing one Tale. The scenes of the stories are placed in the Pyrennees, Versailles, and Normandy: and the heroine of one of them is the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, the late Queen of France.

An English Translation of M. Picard's spirited work, *Gil Blas de la Revolution, ou les Confessions de Laurent Giffard*, which has become so popular in Paris, is promised soon to appear.

The travels of General Baron Minsitoli in Lybia and Upper Egypt, with Plates, Maps, &c. are announced for early publication.

An additional volume of Letters by Anna Seward, is preparing for publication, developing the progress of an early attachment, disclosing her more private opinions on various subjects, and embracing anecdotes of her contemporaries; to which will be prefixed, an Essay on her Life and Character, by J. Harral.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We were about deferring the insertion of the article on the NEW-JERUSALEM Sermon, until the commencement of Mr. Holley's proposed Theological Paper: but, in compliance with the wish of one of the members of that Society, we have concluded to publish it without further delay;—thus affording the Reverend Author sufficient time to prepare a reply, if thought necessary, for the first number of his Gazette.

Are not some of our Correspondents relaxing in their literary ardour;—and reposing with too much indolence under the laurels they gained last year? 'Why slumbers' CATESBY, for these two moons past?—or, is he now exclusively occupied in the new branch of the Fine Arts, to which he is said to have betaken himself—in executing plumbago sketches of his Kentucky friends? We hope he will shortly be able to give a good account of himself;—thereby evincing that he is not to be driven from the field of literature by so slight a scratch as he lately received from the nib of a reviewer's pen.

Just as we were about adding an invocation for the return of the 'Gentle MYRA' to our Poet's corner, her last favour was received; and we have accordingly thrown some of our selections (already in type) on to another page, to make room for her pathetic Ballad on the late soul-harrowing murder.

Original Poetry.

SONNET:—TO LOVE.

Love builds his palace in the evening cloud,
And sheds his rosy glories round his throne:
His soft impassioned radiance all must own;
E'en Phoebus folds him in his glowing shroud;
And the chaste Queen of night from Heaven is bowed
To the fond hill—where all his breath hath blown,—
Where young Endymion, shrined within her zone,
And warm'd with transports, mystic faith avow'd.
Oh Love!—thou reign'st through every clime
and age;—
And lurkest 'neath Luna's soft voluptuous veil;
Thy wing, like that of tempests, can enrage
The breast of ocean;—and doth proudly sail
Unshivered midst the storm: thou canst assuage
The pangs of death,—my heart thou can'st not
quail!

LARA.

ON THE

DEATH OF FRANCIS BAKER, ESQ.

Who was murdered, on his way from Missis-
sippi to his friends in New-Jersey, where he was
soon to be married to a lady, to whom he had
been engaged for nine years.
Fast fast fall our tears o'er the tombs of the brave,
And long shall their virtues in memory dwell;
But who shall weep over the murdered youth's
grave,
Which guilt leaves unfinished in yon dreary
dell?
'Twas thy fate, hapless BAKER! untimely to
perish;
The assassin's fell purpose deprived thee of
breath;
But long with kind feelings thy name will we
cherish,
As we tell the dark tale of thy barbarous death.
He fell not with wounds in the bright field of
glory,
But never a heart beat more faithful and true;
And who, much-loved youth! shall e'er hear thy
sad story,
But will drop the warm tear to such constancy
due?
Unguarded he trode toward the home of his youth,
And light was his footstep, and joyous his
heart;
For bright o'er his path-way a fair maiden's
truth,
Beamed the sweetest assurance that no more
they should part.
"Now, now," he exclaimed, "will my exile be
o'er;
"For each bitter pang I shall soon be repaid;
"In silence and sorrow I'll leave thee no more,
"Together through life will we journey, dear
maid!"

But the murderer-guide quickly seized on his
prey,

To the glen fiercely dragged him where fellow-
wolves hide:

The sun in high heaven still held on his way,

But dark was the hour to the then widowed
bride.

"He comes not,—where is he,—betrothed of my
youth?

"Why tarry so long when the bridal feasts
wait?

"Ah, ah, he is dead!"—quick she caught the
dread truth,

And maddening despair on her pale visage sate.

Now wildly she raves, and she calls on her love,

And bids them make haste and the bride-
clothes prepare:

Ah, soon, gentle maiden, you'll meet him above,

To part again never!—No murderers are there.

'Tis well, wilder'd maid, that thou canst not
discover

How they mangled and left him half dead till
next morn;

How the life-blood ran slow from the wounds of
thy lover,

As expiring his soul was with agony torn;

How his groans, as the traveller passed by that
dell,—

While with fear and with wonder he hastened
along,—

Were his only death-dirge; (O how mournful
that knell

As it broke on the lone ear, the wild woods
among!)

How naked and cold on the bare earth he lay,

With nought but the flint rock to pillow his
head;

None his eyelids to close, while the fierce birds
of prey

Hoarsely screamed with wild gladness around
his death bed.

Nor mother, nor sister, nor loved-one was nigh,

As faintly each dear soothing name he
expressed;

He felt that indeed it was anguish to die,

As he sunk in the cold dews for ever to rest.

The noon-day assassin his purpose achieved;

But lonely and long was thy path to the tomb!

Had the first blow been true, as the monster
believed,

Reflection were spared a few pangs o'er thy
doom.

At thy name, murdered youth! gentle eyes shall
long weep,

And the friends of thy childhood shall o'er
thy fate mourn,

While the land of the stranger, thy ashes shall
keep,

And sympathy moisten thy funeral urn.

All, all, hapless BAKER! thy lot shall deplore;

All weep o'er the dark work of treachery
done;

Thy far far off kindred shall see thee no more,—

But in memory embalm thee, their favorite
son.

MYRA.

Selected Poetry.

ODE ON THE NEW YEAR.

From among the few specimens of good poetry,
which the departure of 1824 (so rich in event-
ful themes) has elicited,—we take pleasure
in selecting the following ode, from the "TROY
SENTINEL," of New-York.

Autumn was lovely, when her fading woods
Assumed the golden tints of evening sky;
Dear was the lonely music of the floods—
The plaintive robin's note, and hawk's shrill cry:
The hollow wind that breathed its vesper sigh
O'er the strown leaves in Earth's deserted bower;
When oft, with swelling heart and brimful eye,
I gave my soul to memory's busy power,
And vanish'd years roll'd back in one sweet hour.

As round the rifted oak the ivy flings
Its mantling wreaths of melancholy green,
So, to the year gone by, fond memory clings,
And spreads its brightening charm o'er every
scene

Of faded grief and long departed joy,—
And paints, in magic tints, youth's cloudless
dawn,

Its fervent hope of bliss without alloy—
Its dream of love—the rose without a thorn,
That shed its fragrance on life's gentle morn.

Arrayed in gleaming robes of boreal light,
Throned on the rushing wind, fierce winter pours
The drifting storm; and fields, in mourning white,
Bewail their emerald sheen and vernal showers:
Fled now are youth's gay dreams of summer
flowers;

And o'er the sorrowing vales and mountains hoar,
Deep gathering, cloud on cloud, the tempest
lowers,

And moans the blast like ocean's sullen roar,
When angry surges lash the sounding shore.

Stern Ruler of the year! thy winds impart
New vigor to the soul, and half dispel
Each gay illusion that enticed the heart
From nobler joys than fancy's treacherous spell
Feigns to bestow, and counterfeits so well:
Beneath thy skies the patriot passion warms
A generous train, with health and freedom blest,
Who love their mountains more when veiled in
storms;

As, on the hoary peak, when winds molest,
Cling the young eagles closer to their nest.

In fervid climes, beyond thy rude domain,
The hardy virtues take no root: nor there
Does Independence hold his fearless reign,
Unfettered, lofty, free as mountain air:

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
"Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!"

"Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
"Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky!"
Adoring still, though threat'ning clouds involve,
Thy lofty aim, and nobly firm resolve.

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